

# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**OCTOBER**  
**1960**







SUPPLIES being dropped to Chinese troops by parachute from a C-47. These supplies, dropped at the Tapa airdrop field, were for troops fighting in the Lungling area. U. S. Army photo.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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**Clarence R. Gordon & Neil L. Maurer** ..... Co-Editors

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Sydney L. Greenberg ..... Photo Editor  
Boyd Sinclair ..... Book Review Editor

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## Letter FROM The Editors . . .

● The state of Iowa will be long remembered by those who attended the 1960 CBI Reunion in Cedar Rapids. Members of the Carl F. Moershel Basha of Iowa did an excellent job of arranging and directing it, and there are reports that everyone there had a wonderful time. Next comes San Francisco!

● Those who enjoyed the old world charm and delicious food of Bill and Lina Leichsenring's Ox Yoke Inn at Amana during the reunion will be sorry to hear that the Inn was badly damaged by fire about three weeks later. Fire broke out in the attic at about 6:30 p.m. on a Saturday, while the Inn was busy serving supper to a large crowd. All patrons were evacuated without injury. The central brick building is one of the original Amana homes and is about 100 years old. It contained many valuable antiques. The Leichsenrings were back in business within a few days with two dining rooms, and are now rebuilding the damaged portion of the Inn.

● Cover picture shows Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten (right) and General "Uncle Joe" Stilwell conferring on the Burma front. Photo by Charles T. Cabura.

● From Calcutta comes the view of Indian doctors that the chances of contracting cancer of the throat from hookah smoking are far less than from cigarettes or cigars. These doctors are of the opinion that the cancer-producing agents are absorbed by water in the hookah. If there is any real proof that this theory is correct, perhaps a practical use can now be made of one of those CBI souvenirs we've been hanging onto all these years.



## Motor City Basha

● The following have been elected to guide the Detroit Motor City Basha for the coming year: Wm. Martienssen, commander; Mae Greer, vice-commander; George Coppel, finance officer and treasurer; Ernie Mars, adjutant; Walter Reed, provost marshal; Murl Shaw, judge advocate; and Darel Kuster, John Dawson, Carl Russel and Ben Kondrat, members of the executive board.

BILL MARTIENSSEN,  
Detroit, Mich.

## Three Years in CBI

● Was in the CBI for nearly three years and have heard little about "good old" Base Sec. 1 at Karachi, or SOS Hq. in Delhi, or anything from anyone I knew up in Motor Transport, Ledo Road Operations.

ELLERY "MIKE" KELLEY,  
Omaha, Nebr.



FAKIR or "holy man" at Dibrugarh, India, in June 1945. Photo by C. Jacobson.

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FISHING BOATS beached at Shanghai. Note the "eyes" on bows of the boats. Photo by H. Wm. Seigle.

#### Graves Registration

● This is in reply to John J. Gussak, in your "To the Editors" column in the July, 1960, edition of Roundup. Colonel Gussak is absolutely correct, reference my command of a Graves Registration Section in India. As he states, it was the last unit in the ACTIVE I-B Theater to which I had reference. The Theater was then in the process of inactivation. A Graves Registration Service was then in the process of being formed to carry on the work for which I was asked to stay on for another two years. At the time, the "I want to go home" fever was highly contagious and I contracted it. This unit was to stay on as a "caretaker" unit of the Barrackpore Cemetery, as all deceased American personnel were to be eventually shipped Stateside. In addition, there were many hundred unidentified plane crashes for which search was to be continued. Also, there were many unrecovered American casualties on the Jap supervised Bangkok-Singapore Railway construction

project on which some effort was to be made. Whether any of this work was ever initiated, I do not know. I certainly did not intend to imply that when I left the theater that all work stopped. There were still almost a thousand service personnel left to carry on. It was just an un-

fortunate lack of qualification on my part. Anyone connected with Graves Registration work deserves all due credit. I know. I had the privilege of working with some boys that were devoted beyond all call of duty to assure that deceased service men and women were identified, shown all due respect and dignity and returned home to their families. It wasn't easy to remain, when everybody else was heading for POE and Uncle Sugar. We appreciate that there were men who saw fit to stay on and carry out such important work.

ARNOLD J. STOCKSTAD,  
Park River, N. D.

#### Insurance Policy

● After reading stories of some of the outfits in CBI, I feel that we were excess baggage! Our outfit was like an insurance policy... nice to have, but not needed as things turned out. The 129th Chemical Processing Company was to process clothes in case of gas attack.

C. W. SCHRICKER,  
Rochester, N. Y.



ROPE MANUFACTURE on streets of Shanghai. Photo by H. Wm. Seigle.





HILL WOMEN picking tea near Darjeeling. Photo by William S. Johnson.

#### Nauseating Photo

● Every time I see a picture of an Indian peddler selling food on the street I become nauseated! You never see one of those carts (as on page 20 July issue) or a tray on someone's head without seeing also the cloud of flies. Eek! But you can't argue with success. The peddlers have been making a living at it for years!

HERBERT A. LONG,  
Anaheim, Calif.

#### Radiation Clouds

● "American Role in Far East" (July) was most timely and interesting to a CBI man. Everyone should read it. The world is going to be blown apart one of these days, and when the clouds of radiation disappear, I hope we are the victors. There'll have to be some changes made, though.

MARVIN S. EARLY,  
Phila., Pa.

#### Missed Cedar Rapids

● We are some of those CBI-ers weeping and wailing because of having to miss the big 1960 Cedar Rapids reunion. While on

our assigned project in Arizona we received from Cedar Rapids a most welcome card with very familiar signatures of many many reunionists. It gave our spirits quite a lift and we'd like to thank all those good folks for remembering. Our theme song now is "California, Here We Come." My grateful thanks

and appreciation to each and every Ohio sahib and memsahib who in my absence so willingly carried through our plans for Ohio Department Basha's part at the festivities. Ironically, the grocery where we did our shopping in the small community of Mesa, (near Phoenix) was named "BASHAS"! We felt very much at home there although we never had the opportunity to ask about the significance of the name, if any.

HOWARD CLAGER,  
Commander  
CBIVA—Ohio

#### Meat Cargo Unloads

● Thanks for publishing the picture of the meat unloading operation at Kidderpore (July). I was standing in this scene when the picture was taken, though I was just out of range of the camera. I was a truck driver and helped to haul the meat away to the warehouse. It is interesting to a landlubber to see these cranes loading and unloading cargo so efficiently.

WILLIAM I. HAGEN,  
Dallas, Tex.



MEN OF THE 50th Division ford Namtu River to flank Jap-held Hsipaw. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M. D.



# It Was a Grand Reunion!

A WEEKEND IN IOWA will long be remembered by the CBLers and their families who attended the 13th annual reunion of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association at Cedar Rapids, Aug. 3 to 6.

For some it was a case of meeting old friends and making new ones for the 13th consecutive year—for others it was the first experience of its kind but certainly will not be the last one. Before it was over, even the newest members were talking about a trip to San Francisco in 1961.

Advance registration was heavier than usual, and there was a big crowd on hand for the Wednesday night cocktail party hosted by the Carl F. Moershel Basha of Iowa. Entertainment was provided by the Amana Young Men's Bureau Chorus, featuring barbershop quartets and German songs.

Registration was also heavy on Thursday, and continued through Friday and most of Saturday. By the time it was over there were 408 registrations. The 26 states represented were Wisconsin, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Rhode Island, Illinois, Texas, California, Oklahoma, Michigan, Missouri, Minnesota, New Jersey, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Maryland, Colorado, Mississippi, Virginia, Connecticut, Montana, South Dakota and Nebraska.

Business sessions were held each morning, starting at 10 and 10:30 a.m. to give members an extra hour to sleep. There were reports of committees, and action was taken on various items of business. Good attendance at all sessions indicated increased interest in affairs of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Manly V. Keith of Houston, Tex., was elected as the new National Commander, to succeed Harold H. Kretchmar of St. Louis, Mo. Other new officers are Albert

C. Taylor, Franklinville, N. Y., Senior Vice Commander; Raymond W. Kirkpatrick, San Francisco, Calif., Junior Vice Commander West; George Marquard, Chestertown, Ind., Junior Vice Commander East; Raymond D. Alderson, Dubuque, Iowa, Junior Vice Commander North; Paul Burge, Fort Worth, Tex., Junior Vice Commander South; Eugene R. Brauer, Milwaukee, Wis., Adjutant and Finance Officer; Dennis J. Loughman, Waynesburg, Pa., Provost Marshal; Donald Doyle, Sioux City, Iowa, Judge Advocate; Father Edward Glavin, Amsterdam, N. Y., Chaplain; Dr. J. J. Kazar, Tchula, Miss., Surgeon-General; John Carlson, Chicago, Ill., Service Officer; Richard Poppe, Loveland, Ohio, Public Relations Officer; Cordelia Shute, Philadelphia, Pa., Historian; and Harold H. Kretchmar, Immediate Past Commander.

Buffalo, N.Y., was selected as the site of the 1962 reunion.

Members of the California delegation reported on plans made for the reunion in 1961, to be held Aug. 9-13 at San Francisco with headquarters at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

An enjoyable program had been arranged for the Cedar Rapids reunion by members of Carl F. Moershel Basha. Highlights included a day at the world-famous Amana Colonies with dinner at the Ox Yoke Inn, a western party and dance, tour of the Quaker Oats plant, old fashioned "corn boil" at Ellis Park, Puja parade and "burning ghat" ceremony, the Puja Ball, Past Commanders Luncheon with Congressman Neal Smith as speaker, memorial service at Veterans Memorial Auditorium conducted by Father Glavin, Commander's Banquet with presentations, and finally the Commander's Ball and a floor show.

The 1960 Americanism Award was presented to George C. Foerstner, founder  
(Turn to page 8, please)

## IT HAPPENED IN CEDAR RAPIDS

CEDAR RAPIDS REUNION highlights featured here include a picture of Father Edward R. Glavin, National Chaplain, Manly V. Keith, the new National Commander, and Harold Kretchmar, retiring National Commander, at the memorial service; Charles "Chuck" Stacy in coolie costume, complete with live poultry in baskets; CBLers at an Amana well—including Dr. J. J. Kazar (in shorts), who didn't let a broken leg keep him away from the reunion; the Leichsenrings with Mrs. Carl F. Moershel and daughters, all enjoying that good Iowa corn; George C. Foerstner of Amana Refrigeration receiving Americanism Award from Commander Kretchmar; some of the youngsters in Puja costume; Past Commander Phil Packard receiving the Award of Merit from Adjutant Gene Brauer; a view of the "burning ghat" ceremony; and the "Overall Twins" in denim.





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## Ex-CBlers Exchange

**WANTED**—A couple of those little water pots the Indians carried with them on their morning call to the open spaces outside the villages. W. R. Siegmund, 12814 Maple Ave., Blue Island, Ill.

**WILL BUY** pair of 8" brass vases with solid bottoms, like those sold in Banaras during the war. Ida Mae Kunde, 640 Brady, Dearborn, Mich.

**USED PUJA MOUSTACHE**, 18-inches long, genuine Chinese. Bob Nesmith, 6738 Long Dr., Houston 17, Tex.

**WANT TO LOCATE** Major John Storey, 403rd Quartermaster Platoon, Agra. Write Joe Pacenti, 1826 So. 48th Ct., Cicero, Ill.

**WANTED:** Small table of teak or sheesham. Write Mary Tessari, 10206 St. Lawrence, Chicago 28, Ill.

**NOTICE:** All former members of the 835th Signal Service Bn. please contact Lochrane Gary, 9951 Bird Rd., Miami 55, Fla.

**WANTED:** Short letters from CBI veterans, for publication in Ex-CBI Roundup. In exchange for a few minutes of your time, you will have the satisfaction of knowing you are bringing some enjoyment to other CBlers. Address your letters to Roundup, P.O. Box 188, Laurens, Iowa. Don't put this off.

**ALL FORMER** members of the 1880th Engineer Avn. Bn. please write Al Taylor, 2 Plymouth Ave., Franklinville, N. Y.

**READERS ARE INVITED** to send notices for this column to the editors for inclusion in next issue. There is no charge for this service, the only requirement being that your notice be brief and of a CBI nature. Send to Roundup, Box 188, Laurens, Iowa.

## Flying Tigers Disband In Robins Ceremony

The 14th Air Force, popularly known throughout the world as the Flying Tigers, was officially discontinued Aug. 26.

In a solemn ceremony at Robins Air Force Base, Ga., the battle-streamered flag of the 14th was folded and put away as the unit born in the heart of China in World War II was disbanded.

Maj. Gen. Chester E. McCarty, the last commander of the 14th, in remarks to headquarters personnel still at Robins, paid tribute to the late Lt. Gen. Claire Lee Chennault, the unit's first commander. He also complimented the 14th on its last job, directing Air Force Reserve and National Guard units in 22 Eastern states and Puerto Rico.

The 14th was discontinued as a step in the general reorganization of the Continental Air Command (CONAC) and the reserve forces. Three new CONAC regional headquarters have been established within the 14th's old area.

These headquarters coincide with the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Armies.

McCarty commands the 3rd Air Force Reserve region with headquarters at Robins. The 1st region has been activated at Mitchell AFB, N. Y., and the 2nd region at Andrews AFB, Md.

## CEDAR RAPIDS . . . . .

(Continued from page 6)

and executive vice-president of Amana Refrigeration, Inc. This award cited his work as founder and guiding genius of the Amana Refrigeration plant.

This year's citation for distinguished service to the organization went to Past Commander Phil Packard of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hospitality rooms of the various bashas were again popular gathering places during the reunion, after other events of the day were over. All hospitality rooms were on the same floor at Hotel Roosevelt.

## IT HAPPENED IN CEDAR RAPIDS

**MORE REUNION VIEWS**, including the registration desk at Hotel Roosevelt; a cool spot under the trees at Amana picnic; the Amana men's chorus; CBlers at the Amana woolen mills; Douglas "Digger" Runk and wife, the celebrated "Miss Kitty," at Western party; CBlers outside the Ox Yoke Inn; Californians including General George W. Sliney, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Carl R. Betz and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Stewart, invite everyone to San Francisco in 1961; a special pose by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cicerello; the Joe Pohorskys and the Darwin Carliles win lamps; CBlers just back from a boat ride on the Kapa-Ann; Father Glavin speaking at memorial service; and part of the crowd attending the service.





OCTOBER, 1960



# I Learn About Burma

By ELEANOR MATHEWS SLINEY

*This is a chapter from Eleanor Mathews Sliney's new book, FORWARD HO! Readers will recall that her husband, General George W. Sliney, served more than 3½ years in China, Burma and India during World War II. The San Francisco Basha of CBIVA—host to the 1961 CBI Reunion—was renamed in his honor two years ago.*

*This material is reprinted by permission of the publisher, Vantage Press, 120 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.*

In the early days of the war, all I knew about the Burma campaign was what I read in the magazines and newspapers. I had read articles in Fortune, Life and Time about the situation in the Far East and of the events leading up to the retreat from Burma. I had seen pictures of my husband in The Evening Star, Time and Life, which had been taken on the walk out.

When I saw the picture of George on the front page of the Washington newspaper, taking his shoes off by a stream at a halt during the march out, I thought, "Well, he looks like the tough field soldier he is." When I received a set of these pictures from the War Department, pictures of each phase of the famous trek, I had a faint idea of what he had been through physically.

The pictures told a desperate story—trucks and jeeps abandoned in a wild jungle, where survival meant escape on foot; clothes and cameras, typewriters and medicines, discarded to lighten the load that each man carried—right in the foreground of that photograph, I recognized the plaid interlining of George's trench coat! And there were pictures of the long, long lines of men and Burmese nurses, single file, knee-deep in streams, muscle-weary up hills, doggedly, painfully, but ever-valiantly treading the pace set by General Stilwell.

A very special picture of my husband which appeared in many papers was taken at his secret base in India. He was being decorated by General Stilwell with the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action during the battle for Toungoo in Burma. Although I did not see the citation until some time later, this picture brought the war closer, much closer.

The story behind all this remained to be told by Jack Belden, the reporter who

had been in Burma during the campaign, and who had walked out in the retreat.

In the spring of 1943, his book "Retreat With Stilwell" was published. Jack Belden told the story vibrantly. Drama-packed, his descriptions were so clear and clean-cut that he carried me along with him. I felt the excitement, the tragedy, the hopelessness.

Belden's book held some personal wallops for me. In the midst of his graphic description of the fighting near Yedashe, when the Chinese armies were making a desperate stand against the Japs, my husband appeared right in the middle of a paragraph!

There is nothing quite so exciting as meeting one's husband in a book. Up to this point in my travels, I had certainly met George in a lot of strange places. To meet him on the printed page was a new thrill. There had been the newspaper and magazine articles, to be sure, but they were formal and statistical.

Belden was in a ramshackle building occupied by the political department of the Chinese Twenty-second Division. He described it as being:

... under a grove of trees in a small village consisting of about eight huts. The houses were resting some six or seven feet off the ground, with holes in the floors and roofs, and filthy with vermin; trash and overturned earthenware urns were scattered everywhere as if the former occupants had departed in a great hurry.

While Belden was talking with the Chinese, my husband walked in. And this is what the war correspondent Jack Belden said about George Sliney the field soldier. He was, Belden said:

... one of the finest American officers I met in Burma . . . He was kind and considerate and did not blow up in a fit of irascibility at the backward environment and people among which he had been suddenly thrown.

Here was the man I had known twenty-seven years; calm, composed and with the situation well in hand as completely in character in war as in peace.

I read on: "As it grew dark we went into one of the huts and sat on the floor to eat our dinner, which consisted solely of lumpy rice."

Farther along, I came to another incident concerning George. Belden had me worried this time. He wrote:

One could not help feeling, that the last days were rapidly approaching



... Though few would admit that the jig was up, yet they somehow sensed the approaching retreat. . .

As the front moved backward, the fifth columnists, arsonists, and looters in the rear increased. . . The Pongyis, spies, and Thakin leaders of the revolt in Lower Burma grew more daring. . . The surreptitious arson that resulted in the complete destruction of almost every town on the road to Mandalay now gave place to open, unashamed burnings.

Stilwell moved his headquarters from Pyawbe, and my husband, staying behind in charge of destroying supplies.

... saw a group of three hundred Burmans, armed with kris, marching through the town with lighted torches, setting fire to the buildings.

I felt as if I were there, watching him. And then George,

... driving along the road that night in a jeep, ran into a wire cable strung between two sides of a bridge and only just managed to save himself from a possible murder.

It was all over, that episode, at least. The book was published and I was reading it. It was a whole year since that almost fatal night, but Belden had me sitting on the edge of my chair, scared stiff.

Neither the censors nor I had to worry about what George wrote home during the war. All he ever said about Pyawbe came in a letter written during the campaign, but which did not get out the regular way. George stuffed it in a pocket for the retreat. It was mailed to me from New Delhi. The date was April and the location was "Somewhere in Burma."

Years later, in looking over these letters which I had copied and placed in an album, George told me that this particular letter was written from his billet in Pyawbe in between trips to his forward headquarters at Yedashe.

Here is the picture George gave the censors and me:

Each day brings many new and interesting experiences. One seems to become accustomed very quickly to strange sights over here. Or perhaps it is merely that there are so many sights that are strange to the American way of life that one's sensibilities get numbed. For instance, the elephants going to work in the morning and coming home at night, pass right by my billet. It doesn't seem so very strange. . . I am feeling fine and having a hell of a good time. You seem to be getting along first rate.

This was all I was supposed to know of Pyawbe, apparently. And in just a few

days, the headquarters moved north to Kyaukse, with George staying over in charge of destroying supplies. Then he was to drive his jeep into a roadblock and "just manage to save himself from a possible murder"!

George's idea of a good time was shared by one of his Chinese interpreters. He told me about it years later. There was a broad plain between the advancing Chinese and a town occupied by the Japs. George wanted the Chinese to shove a 75 mm. gun in at the edge of the plain under a bush, from where they could get a sweeping view of the town. The Japs were firing from three sides while George and his interpreter made a reconnaissance. On the return, they managed to escape detection by walking along a suale in which grass grew quite high. Emerging from the suale, George turned to the interpreter and said, "How are you coming?"

"It's fun, sir," he replied, short of breath, "if you live!"

George and his jeep were getting to be like George and his horse. It had to earn its living, too. If ever a car was built for a mounted field soldier, it was the jeep. George has always treated his cars like good horses. As long as there are any signs of a road, the car gets through. And now he was to drive his jeeps over terrain that most people would hesitate to take a horse over!

At the end of April the front had moved back to Shwebo. Burma was a lost cause. There remained nothing to do but to get out. Hopes had been entertained of getting to Myitkyina by rail and from there flying to India. But news came that the railway had been blocked by a number of cars which had been loosened down a grading and had smashed into a bridge. Time was too valuable to risk driving around the block and boarding the train farther north.

Stilwell sent George and a number of other officers on a scouting expedition to Pinlebu to G-2 a trail out to India. The group made the trip by loading two jeeps on a train to Wuntho, unloading at Wuntho, and driving the jeeps thirty miles to Pinlebu. Here the road became lost in rice paddies. After three miles up and over bumpy ground, the jeeps could go no further.

The scouting party proceeded three miles more on foot along a trail which was worn down in some places to eight feet below the surface and was only a foot and a half wide at the bottom. Leaving the group and taking with him one officer and an Anglo-Burmese, George went still farther. After crossing two ridges, he found that the trail con-



tinued to disintegrate. The party returned to Wuntho, where they awaited the arrival of Stilwell and the rest of the group.

It was learned later that a party of British led by Brigadier Martin walked over the same trail just a short time afterwards and were ambushed, and several were killed.

Stilwell decided to head north through India. Early on the morning of the sixth of May, they arrived at Mansi. Driving through a forest in what remained of their trucks, sedans, and jeeps, they came to a clearing. In front of them was a swaying bridge over a sluggish jungle stream.

Stilwell ordered the group to line up in the clearing. Briefly they were told that the bridge could take jeeps only. All other transportation had to be abandoned there. All baggage would be thrown away except what could be loaded into the jeeps and what could be carried by each individual.

Food, medicine, equipment, clothing, cameras, typewriters—all in a heap in a clearing in the forest—were abandoned that the load might be as light as possible and the retreat as fleet as could be managed in order to evade the enemy whose whereabouts were unknown. They only knew that speed might get them through to India.

Eleven jeeps went into the jungle. George drove his until they all had to be abandoned. They drove down banks into streams, crossed them, went on across fields with ridges worn so high it seemed impossible to get by. But they did. They went into thickets where it appeared that there was no trail. But they got through, coming to a narrow corridor where the roots of trees were washed clear of their top soil and jutted out to make the going harder.

When they arrived at the village of Nanantum that afternoon, where Stilwell set up his headquarters in a native hut, the group had their last rest before they started on the long walk out of Burma—the walk which was to take them 140 more grueling miles across rivers, hills, and jungles of one of the most isolated and primitive countries in the world; the walk where they were to experience the ever-present fear of capture, starvation, annihilation; the walk on which men proved their mettle and all got through—worn, dirty, and hungry, but alive; the walk on which Burmese nurses sang, young men talked of Coco-Colas and ice cream, and older men whistled; when tough men thought they couldn't make it

and tougher ones said "the hell you can't!"

The walk was dramatized on *The March of Time* just a few weeks later.

The jeeps were abandoned at this village. By one of those streaks of good luck which happen when one most needs it, the transportation-of-baggage problem was solved by the arrival of a twenty-mule herd driven by two Chinese on their way to India.

Early the next morning the column started.

"Forward march!" said General Stilwell and they were off to India.

It was a strange column. Totalling about 115 persons, there were American, British, and Chinese officers, enlisted men, and civilians, Doctor Seagrave and his Burmese nurses, Indian cooks and mechanics and the twenty mules.

Three grave dangers faced them: food shortage, monsoons, Japs.

To lighten each other's loads, a group of three shared shaving equipment. One carried the razor, one the brush. Every ounce counted. "Funny, the things a person recalls," said my husband one day years later. "I'll always remember my shaving brush bobbing down stream!"

The mule train carried the heavy loads: air mattresses, coats, blankets, food, and medicine. The amount each individual was allowed to send out by mule was cut to the bare minimum for survival.

Many times since George's return, I have buttonholed him with pad and pencil and asked questions about the walk. Sometimes his answers are short and I get only a word or two. Sometimes, when no pad or pencil are at hand and we are dancing at a hop or in a group swapping yarns, I catch him in a story-telling mood. Or when we are out horseback riding, we will slow down when he is suddenly reminded of something strange or amusing.

But at best, they are only flames, flashes that light up those long, vacant stretches in my life when there was little news, or no news, and many rumors.

George never goes into rambling detail. A few words from him will open up a whole page of thought for me.

"How did you sleep, on that jungle ground?" I asked him one night.

"Like a rock."

He said no more, but I sat there in our comfortable quarters by a cheerful fire, thinking.

Of course a man does not toss and fidget and lie awake after he has waded downstream in his clothes, shoes and all, for three solid days, with time out only for meals and sleep! A man sleeps like



a rock after he has climbed hills in a driving rain and trudged through jungle muck in tropic heat. Whether his bed is the stone floor of a temple, the dirt floor of a hut, or the sandy banks of a stream, he sleeps because he can't stay awake.

"Did you get enough sleep?"

"No. We didn't get enough anything."

How much a body can take, when the heart is stout! How little we will ever really know of that walk!

When a man's motto is "Where do we go from here?" he doesn't recount the harrowing details. Nor does he remember in silence.

"We must remember the good things," George has often told me.

"Were you hungry?" I almost wished I hadn't asked this question. But I was writing a book.

"All the time. All we had was rice, and darned little of it. We had tea to drink. I took all the sugar they would let me have, and canned milk. What inadequate little we had was rationed."

I remembered reading in a news report that they had chicken. I asked George about it.

"Oh, they bought some chickens from the natives and cooked the hell out of them and put it in the rice. Damn near couldn't find any when it was served."

As we talked, the fire burned low. The red coals settled into a steady warm glow, throwing a soft light on our Peking rug. I looked at my favorite picture of the retreat. Framed, it stood close by on a teakwood table.

It is the most-often-published picture of the walk: Stilwell is in the lead on the narrow jungle trail, and in single file, khaki-clad, with sleeves rolled up and collars open, with pistols and musette bags, tropic-helmeted, the men step out determinedly. George has a towel over his shoulder.

Twenty days of this—twenty days! Not enough sleep, not enough food, not enough anything!

"How about your feet?" I asked. "Did



READY TO DISMOUNT from jeep for inspection of artillery range at CATC are Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten in rear seat, Mme. Chiang and Colonel Sliney in the front. This was after the walk out of Burma. Photo by Charles T. Cabura.



you get any blisters? Did the linings of your shoes wear out?"

"Only got one small blister. I put a Band-aid on it and that was the end of it. No, the linings didn't wear out. The soles didn't even wear through. In fact, those shoes I walked out in lasted me a couple of years."

That's a wonderful advertisement for the shoes! Munson Field, they were. George bought them at the quarter-master store at Fort Devens long before Pearl Harbor.

"Did you ever get cold?"

"Once. We were going over a seven-thousand-foot ridge in a driving rain. I got a blanket from a native bearer, one of the hill people. I knew the blanket was dirty, but I figured I'd risk it to be warm. The bearer had it in his pack. He was accustomed to the climate and wasn't using it."

Across the candles at our table for two, with friends on all sides at a post hop one night, our conversation drifted back to Asia again. A good many books had been published about the Burma campaign and I was beginning to know enough to ask some pertinent questions.

"When did you get the most tired during the walk out?"

"Well," said my husband, "it was that first morning when we started out after abandoning the jeeps. We had been walking waist-deep in a stream for some time. I sat down at a halt in the march and took my shoes off by the bank. That was as tired as I ever got. By afternoon, I was well in my stride."

This particular night we danced late. We joined different groups and lingered after the musicians left. Even then, George was in no hurry to go home.

I sat and thought of him in Burma, taking off his shoes by a stream. I remembered the thought that had gone through my mind when I first saw the picture in the Washington newspaper. And then I remembered way back to Monterey days and all the way up to now. I never had seen George really tired.

There are many things I would not know about Burma if George did not volunteer to tell me. There are some questions one would not think to ask. For instance, who would think to ask about fleas?

It happened one night in the Naga Hills. In a damp drizzle, portentous of the monsoons, the weary group came upon a grassy clearing on the shoulder of a hill. Here was a semi-circle of native huts recently abandoned. Built of flat wide teak, they resembled surfboards

on end. The roofs were thatched and the floors were hard, dry dirt.

"The native idea of a bed", said my husband, "was a ledge at one end of the hut, made of split logs and bamboo. On top of this was piled some straw. Well, we put our blankets over this straw and rolled in."

"During the night I knew I was being bitten but it was too damp and miserably uncomfortable to do anything. The next morning I took my blanket—that lightweight pink one I had put in my bedding roll at Devens—and spread it out on the ground. I counted three hundred fleas!"

"Three hundred fleas for a night of shelter!"

"Yes, and there were as many bites on me."

That, and the wild scorching jungle too!

"People keep asking me how you stood the terrific heat and debilitating humidity day in and day out."

"Well," said George with a smile, "you know me. I don't suffer much."

When at last they approached the goal of their trek—the Chidwin River—they were afraid that they might not be able to cross. Belden wrote:

This was the major and most dangerous barrier between us and India . . . The place where the Japanese would most likely seek to cut us off . . . Behind us trooped our strange crew of girls and refugees, privates and officers, Indians and Britons and tribal carriers, stumbling, and plowing through the sands toward the river.

General Stilwell stood silent for a moment . . . "We have come to the Red Sea, but how are we going to cross it?"

As he spoke, from around the bend in the river came five or six dugout canoes and a sort of sampan. Transport had miraculously arrived.

The canoes slid up in the water beside the beach. At an order from the general everyone fell in line . . . and then six at a time they marched into the river, stepped into the canoes and huddled low on the floor.

In the vanguard went my husband. "The crossing went with unexpected speed and dispatch," concluded Belden.

When I finished Belden's book, I knew that his young reporter had told one of the most amazing stories in history.

Through the years, whenever my husband and I have talked about events that made this story, he has always lighted up the incidents with his flare for the brief, the graphic. And generally, there is the flavor of inherent Irish love





THE MARCH of Lt. Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell and party from Burma, starting May 1, 1942, and ending May 20, 1942, in Imphal, Assam. General Stilwell is shown leading the column followed by his aides, Lt. Col. Frank Dorn and 1st Lt. Richard Young. Colonel Sliney is sixth in line in this U. S. Army photo.

for a smile, and the reticence of the Westerner.

And always the questions come to my mind: Where were the wild animals? Was anyone attacked by them? What was the danger from them?

"Wild animals in the jungle", explained George, "will seldom attack, unless the animal is wounded or cornered; or unless one comes upon their young. In that case the animal might attack."

"We passed through one thick forest area that is supposed to have more tigers than any place in the world. We did not see any. You know," he added, "one can pass a few rods away and never know the animals are there. They freeze."

"Wouldn't they attack you if they were hungry?"

"They have their diet. We weren't it!"

After a few moments, George added, "There were monkeys way up in the treetops. We could hear them chattering, and sometimes we saw the branches swinging as they jumped about."

And then he seemed to project himself back to a never-to-be repeated experience. "The jungle sounds," he said, "the bird calls, so weird and entirely strange to American ears—that's what I'll always remember."

I thought of the savage head-hunters who, according to the first news reports of the retreat, inhabited the wild mountain country beyond the Chindwin. Belden had mentioned them in a light way.

"How about it?" I asked my husband.

"Well," he said, "the Indian government had gotten pretty rough with the head-hunters, and they weren't actively

engaged in their avocation, except on occasion. We were safe enough. Oh, if I had been wandering around in the hills alone, they might have added me to their collection!"

Sometimes I wonder how these Americans and the rest of the weary group felt when at last they arrived at Imphal, India. At that point, Belden stops the story. George finished it for me briefly, though.

When they were about twenty miles out of Imphal, the British sent trucks to meet Stilwell's party. On arriving at Imphal, the group, with the exception of Stilwell and a few others, were put in a large, native-built office building, in a ground-level room.

The floor was concrete. There was no furniture.

"Where did you sleep?" I asked my husband.

"We all slept on the floor."

"Weren't there even any mattresses?"

"No—only the blanket we each had packed out of Burma with us. The concrete was damn hard after that jungle ground. I went into the courtyard and found a stack of damp grass. I reached under and brought in a half-dry armful to put under my back. Then I put my raincoat and blanket on top of it. It eased the hardness of the concrete."

"Seems to me that wasn't much of a reception!"

"Well," George explained, "Imphal, a small British mountain outpost, had already been crowded beyond its capacity by Indian troops that were pushed in to protect the border against the Japs. We reconciled ourselves to the situation and the bare accommodations."

As he told me of this return to civilization and safety, through my mind went the thought, again and again like a refrain, "How Spartan these soldiers—how Spartan!"

And then New Delhi—New Delhi where Vinegar Joe Stilwell told the world that the Japs had run them out of Burma—

But they were going back. This time, to shove the Japs out muddy mile by muddy mile. With Chinese troops, but the American way, with American weapons and American-trained troops.

There was no time for rest in New Delhi. Plans were immediately started to establish a secret training center at Ramgarh, in the province of Bihar, India.

Now and then a song will bring back memories of Burma—especially our old favorite, "San Antonio Rose."

"That was my theme song," George told me. "I whistled it as we walked through the jungles and over the Naga Hills in the retreat to India."



## I Learn About Burma

George's theme song! Today he wears the Bronze Star Medal for his part in the walk out of Burma.

The citation says, in part:

General Sliney's endurance, cheerfulness, and concern for the welfare of other members of the party contributed

much to the successful completion of the march.

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THE END

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# CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman*

**CALCUTTA**—According to the National Tuberculosis Survey, there are 800,000 cases of active tuberculosis in West Bengal. Deaths from the disease during the last four years, Calcutta Corporation records show, were from 2,401 to 2,622 per year. Mr. N. C. Ghosh, vice chairman of the Bengal Tuberculosis Association, said there were only 3,400 beds for this large number of victims.

**DACCA**—Pakistan is likely to get her new Constitution by early 1961 and general elections under it will probably be held in the winter of the same year, according to Mr. Zakir Hussain, the Interior Minister. Mr. Hussain is, however, emphatic that the present government will not tolerate any attempt at the formation of political parties.

**LAHORE**—The government has taken over the furniture and premises of the Punjab Club to house the administrative staff of the college for training civil servants in higher posts. The club, an exclusive institution open to Europeans only, had refused alternative accommodation. At present there are only a few members left.

**CALCUTTA**—Every second student of Calcutta University fails in the university's four major examinations, records for the past 25 years show. The overall average pass percentage for these examinations is placed at .49. Figures indicate an increase in the number of students by six or seven times during that period.

**SHILLONG**—A new problem has been created for the Assam Government by what is referred to in certain circles as the "cold war" between the two major communities in the state—Assamese and Bengalis. One of the results of the recent language riots is the considerable fall in day-to-day contacts between them, and the current strained feelings have marred the social life of the city.

**TRICHUR**—Three persons, including a woman, were trampled to death by a wild tusker which attacked tribesmen's huts in Ambalapara Forests, about 40 miles from here. Five others were hospitalized. The elephant escaped into the forest.

**NEW DELHI**—Mr. Nehru has sent a 350-word circular to all Chief Ministers on the need to replace the old-fashioned Indian broom which, in his view, not only tires the body but also humiliates the spirit. Mr. Nehru suggested that all municipalities should provide their sweepers with long-handled brooms and a proper container with a closed lid to collect the refuse. Carting refuse in open pans or baskets, he feels, "is a disgusting sight."

**KARACHI**—Remains of the earliest known mosque in the Indo-Pakistani subcontinent have been brought to light by Pakistani archeologists working at Bhampore, 40 miles from here on the coast. Two Kufic inscriptions found in the mosque area mention the dates as 727 and 907 A.D. The ground plan resembles that of Jami Masjid of Basra and in Kufa built by Said Ibn Abihi in 665 A.D. and the grand mosque of Wasit built by Al Hajjah in 702 A.D.

**NEW DELHI**—The Government of India has approved a scheme for the installation of 11 five-ton electric cranes in Calcutta Port at a cost of about Rs 28.65 lakhs. The scheme is part of a plan for reconditioning and strengthening Kidderpore Docks of the port to provide modern facilities. The electric cranes will be supplied by a West German firm.

**CHANDIGARH**—A locust swarm two miles long and one mile wide recently invaded some villages of Fazilka Subdivision of Ferozepore District. Minor damage was caused to the standing crops of cotton and fodder. Fourteen swarms have been sighted in Jodhpur, Pali, Ganganagar, Jaipur, Udaipur, Ajmer and Sawai Madhopur districts but there were no reports of damage to crops or egg laying.

**KARACHI**—The sprawling hangar on Drigh Road constructed in 1932 for the ill-fated British airship R-101 is being dismantled as scrap. This historic landmark with which were connected several legends of ghosts has been bought by a scrap dealer for about Rs 21 lakhs. The contractor has been allowed a year to dismantle the hangar, using gas cutters. The structure was never used for the purpose for which it was constructed by the British. The R-101, on its inaugural flight to Karachi, crashed in France. During World War II the hangar was used as a food godown. The hangar was 800 feet long, 200 feet wide and 260 feet high, and took two years to build. It consists of hundreds of steel girders and plates of steel. The supports to its electrically operated main door alone weigh 1,500 tons.



# It Seems Like Only Yesterday

Col. Earl O. Cullum

Reviews Copies of CBI Roundup

## No. 6 in a Series

CBI Vet reads Original "Roundup," July 1944:

Jap resistance dwindles in Burma, grip weakens at Myitkyina—Salween force attacks Tengchung—Expert infantryman badge is authorized—both St. Louis teams continue to lead major leagues—Dewey and Bricker form Republican ticket—War Department authorizes overseas service stripes—Ledo Road is decorated with nudes saying "Be careful watch the curves"—14th AF strafes Hankow-Canton Railroad—Major Verl Luehring's "Twin Dragon" P-38 Squadron has destroyed 126 Jap planes—Cal Tinney says China reminds him of Oklahoma—Russians approach German border—FDR lauds Chinese—Roundup salutes 14th AF on second anniversary, compares it to Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry", Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and the Rainbow Division—B-29s hammer Japan without loss—Rains fail to halt Stilwell forces—Pvt. Thomas Fanning puts down carbine to take photo at Myitkyina, is confronted by three armed Japs who surrender and ask for food—Ann Sothern provides the beauty—Salween force encircles Tengchung—A page of photos of Gen. Kenneth Wolfe and his 20th Bomber Command—Gen. Howard Davidson's 10th AF bombs Myitkyina—Sgt. Alex Hardt and T/5 Verner Schuster unpack crate of shovels, find packing slip dated September 17, 1918—Cpl. Bertram Michaelson complains to Roundup that last month's Cheesecake Girl, using black gloves instead of brassiere, is hurting the brassiere business—China enters eighth year of war—14th AF kills 1500 Nips—Marauders win Distinguished Unit Citation—Major Fred Welsh and Capt. Edward Maher fly L-5 liaison planes over Hump—Nurse Audrey Rogers becomes first American woman in Burma to earn Purple Heart—Jap radio nicknames Major Sidney Newcomb's P-51 Squadron the "Yellow Scorpions"—Sgt. Milton Brady finds that one of his Ledo Road passengers is a Jap—another story about CBI GIs being fleeced in jewelry purchases—Medic Capt. Gilbert Towle and Lt. Owen Morrissey parachute to Hump crash scene to treat critically injured pilot Lt. William Schoensee—Capt. Winfred Sordelett is awarded DFC, took photos over Japan in unarmed plane in

1943—Henry Armstrong loses comeback bout to John Thomas—Story describes Sgt. Lionel Boutte and his Signal Battalion crewmen stringing line through Burma—14th AF destroys 44 Jap planes—instructions listed for soldier voting in Nov. general election—Demos pick Roosevelt and Truman; FDR says Truman will strengthen ticket—Hitler escapes death as bomb explodes in Berlin hall—Air Corps captain buys gem for Rs 1200, finds it is worth Rs 100—Lt. Robert Gale leads P-40 bombing attack on Jap-held city, is greeted on radio by brother Sgt. Donald Gale in Infantry unit attacking same city—yes, they arranged meeting and had a reunion—June Haver provides the beauty—Nose tightens around Myitkyina—Sgt. James Powers leads homeward-bound rotation group—Sweden's Arne Anderson sets new mile record at 4:01—GIs in London tip waiters with Confederate money—Tokyo Radio reports the news day after high winds tear down bashas at Ledo—Gen. Wolfe ordered to new assignment in Washington—Gen. Arnold commends Chennault's 14th AF for "magnificent results" in operations against Japs—Gen. Dorn reports morale of Salween Chinese troops is excellent—Lt. Frank Irland examines captured Jap 150 mm howitzer—GIs in China see 1933 movie Riff Raff, starring Jean Harlow.

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# BOOK REVIEWS



Edited by **BOYD SINCLAIR**

**TONYA.** By Gregory Boyington. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, August 1960. \$3.95.

"Pappy" Boyington did so well with "Baa Baa Black Sheep," he's written a novel. His publisher says it's a "true-to-life tale." Anyway, it's about pilots who fight for pay and a woman who makes a career of getting their pay.

**SOUTH ASIA TRAVEL GUIDE.** By John C. Caldwell. The John Day Company, New York, September 1960. \$4.50.

The author of the successful "Far East Travel Guide" now writes the first jet-age guide to Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, Pakistan, India, and Nepal. It's illustrated and up-to-the-minute.

**THE MARCH TO GLORY.** By Robert Leckie. The World Publishing Company, Cleveland, October, 1960. \$3.95.

The story of the withdrawal from Korea's Chosin Reservoir to Hungnam, 75 miles away. How the famed 1st Marine Division did it is a stirring saga of American courage, discipline, and endurance.

**CONGRESSMAN FROM INDIA.** By D. S. Saund. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, August 1960. \$3.50.

This is the autobiography of the only Indian in the U. S. Congress, a farmer from California. He tells the story of his life from the time of his childhood in India to his election to Congress.

**GHOST BLONDE.** By Mark Derby. The Viking Press, New York, October 1960. \$3.50.

With only their wits to protect them in the mysteriously threatening atmosphere of Singapore, a young man and woman see a thoroughly dirty business through. Derby's usually good suspense and surprise.

**THE SANDS OF KALAHARI.** By William Mulvill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, July 1960. \$3.95.

This book is the winner of the first \$10,000 Putnam Award—an exciting novel about six people who survive a plane crash in Southwest Africa's Kalahari Desert.

**LIVING JAPANESE.** By Ichiro Shirato. Crown Publishers, New York, October 1960. \$9.95.

This course in the Japanese language was prepared by the noted Columbia University associate in Japanese, who uses the Roman alphabet to simplify teaching. Four long-playing records and a conversation manual.

**TEN YEARS OF STORM.** By Chow Ching-wen. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, September 1960. \$6.00.

From behind the Bamboo Curtain comes an eye-witness account of the rise of Communism in China. The author, a scholar and editor, broke away from the Reds after holding high-ranking party and government positions.

**WALKING THE INDIAN STREETS.** By Ved Mehta. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, August 1960. \$3.50.

The story of an Indian's return to his own country after an absence of ten years. The author doesn't tell you he's blind. If you read it with his blindness in mind, it will mean much more to you.

**THE PASS BEYOND KASHMIR.** By Berkely Mather. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, August 1960. \$3.95.

An exciting story laid in India, Pakistan, Kashmir, and on the borders of Tibet. European agents secretly check a report of an oil deposit in the Himalaya. A fast-moving tale of suspense and intrigue.

**THE KING FROM ASHTABULA.** By Vern Sneider. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, October 1960. \$3.95.

Surpasses the same author's "Teahouse of the August Moon," which is saying a lot. The same delicate and humorous treatment of the meeting of East and West.

**GONE AWAY.** By Dom Moraes. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, October 1960. \$3.95.

Dom Moraes is the son of Frank Moraes, the noted Indian journalist. This journal of a pilgrimage through India ranks with the best reporting of recent years.

**THE WALLS OF JOLO.** By Alan Caillu. Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, September 1960. \$4.50.

This book has the same theme of "The Bridge on the River Kwai," the struggle of savage and civilized wills. The background is the jungle conflict between American troops and the Philippine Moros.





OOPS—somebody goofed! This happened at Kunming, China, in 1944. Photo by Thomas F. Lynch.

#### Returning to U.S.A.

● After a bit over six years in Burma this time, we expect to leave here on furlough in November, getting to the States in December. During the months we are at home our address will be as follows: Rev. H. G. Tegenfeldt, % Wallace Weden, Route No. 3, Ferndale, Washington. I probably will be doing a considerable amount of visiting in churches, and I hope my travels will enable me to meet some of the many CBIers all over the States. I have noticed there is a local organization in Seattle, and expect to find out when they meet. Whether I can make the annual meeting in San Francisco in the summer of 1961, I'm not sure, but surely will do so if at all possible.

H. G. TEGENFELDT,  
A. B. Mission  
Myitkyina, Burma

#### New Subscriber

● I'm lost for words—such a wonderful feeling to read and reminisce! Keep up your good work. I was with the 3848th QM Trk. Co. in Ledo, India, 1945-46. Would like to hear from any buddies from the old outfit. I joined the CBIVA at Cedar

Rapids convention; got all the information on your wonderful magazine and wasted no time getting my check in the mail. Didn't know until then such a veterans' group or a magazine as wonderful existed. Thanks to my good fortune of being in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, that night.

SAM HARRISON,  
4050 N. Cowgill  
Decatur, Ill.



WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS landing at Kunming airport in China in 1945. Center front are Pauline Frederick, now heard daily for NBC at United Nations, and Lt. Col. George W. Hibbert, area PRO, now living at Toledo, Ohio.

#### History of 7th

● In answer to the inquiry of George W. Dellinger regarding a history of the 7th Bomb Group—a booklet entitled "Thirty Years of Peace and War" has been published by the Historical Division, 7th Bombardment Group (H), Carswell AFB, Texas. Any former member interested may write for this history.

LARRY HEUSER,  
San Francisco, Calif.

#### Two Deaths Reported

● Harry Oran Jeffries, 49, a dispatcher at the U.S. post office in Shelbyville, Ind., and one of the signers of the charter to organize the Ohio Basha, died Aug. 1 of a heart attack. Frank E. Good, 49, who operated a sawmill and logging service here, was killed instantly when he was knocked from his tractor by a low-hanging limb and was run over by his tractor. Mr. Good was mess sergeant with the 1st and 5th Troop Carrier Squadrons of the 10th Troop Carrier Group.

WINFIELD BURKE,  
Chillicothe, Ohio





SAMPANS in Soochow Creek at Shanghai. Photo by H. W. Seigle.

#### Back on List

● Commander Joe Nivert of the Mahoning Valley Basha, CBIVA, deserves supreme credit for renewing my memories of the CBI Theater, in starting our local basha, and in my renewal of the magazine in 1959 after years of relapse. Keep the magazine and interesting writeups coming my way.

ETHEL G. YAVORSKY,  
Ex-CBI A.N.C.  
Youngstown, Ohio

ficer; John Thomas, judge advocate; Al Wilhelm, provost marshal; Ethel Yavorsky, public relations officer; Everett Bush, chaplain; and Dorothy Wilhelm, historian. A dinner, dance and installation of officers will be held Saturday evening, Oct. 15, at Pitliks Restaurant in Youngstown, Ohio. All CBiers are welcome.

HOWARD CLAGER,  
Dayton, Ohio

#### Death of CBier

● Harold Johnson of Denmark, Wis., passed away a few months ago. He was a sergeant in the headquarters of the original station hospital at Karachi.

J. V. KELLNER,  
Chicago, Ill.

#### Iowa Basha Meeting

● The Iowa Basha of CBIVA will hold its fall meeting, dinner and dance at the Surf in Clear Lake on Saturday, Oct. 1. This is 10 miles west of Mason City, and is one of the most popular spots in the northwest. Marvin Boyenga of the Mars Task Force is in charge of arrangements. Cost will be \$3.50 per person, and Amana refreshments will be on hand. Charles Henry and his 10-piece orchestra will play for dancing. A complete report of the recent national reunion will be given by the area vice-commander, Ray Alderson of Dubuque. Southern Minnesota CBiers are invited to this affair, as well as any others who can make it.

HAROLD A. HAWK,  
Iowa Publicity Officer  
Des Moines, Iowa

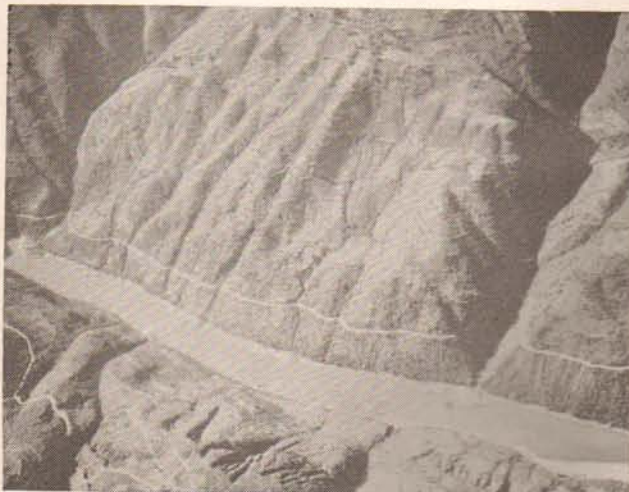
#### Back to Normal

● We are just getting back to normal after a wonderful time in Cedar Rapids. It was a grand reunion and we're looking forward to San Francisco next year.

GEORGE J. RUSH,  
Fair Lawn, N. J.

#### Ohio Basha Events

● The Ohio Department Basha had an all-day basket picnic at Sharon Woods in Cincinnati on June 19. Election of officers was held with the following results: Howard Clager, commander; Ed Stipes, senior vice commander; Joseph Nivert, junior vice commander; Robert Dunbar, adjutant and finance of-



AERIAL VIEW of a part of the Ledo-Burma Road in January, 1945. U. S. Army photo from Charles Cunningham, M. D.



## Commander's Message

by

**Manly V. Keith**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



### Sahibs and Memsahibs:

All of us who were fortunate enough to attend the 13th National Reunion in Cedar Rapids were certainly well pleased with the wonderful program provided for our enjoyment during our all-too-brief stay. Red Miner, John Lee, Ray Alderson, Bill Leichenring, and the other fine Iowa folks really did a tremendous job in planning and carrying out the four fun-filled days and nights—and I want to congratulate and commend them for their efforts.

A roster was included in the program for the first time and each paid member, whether he attended the reunion or not, will receive a copy. Gene Brauer, Adjutant-Finance Officer, is handling the mailing of these, and if you are a paid member and haven't received your copy kindly contact your Regional Vice Commander.

To Hal Kretchmar, our immediate Past Commander, to Gene Brauer, our perennial Adjutant-Finance Officer, and the other officers of this past year, I want to express my sincere appreciation for the ground work so ably done, and passed on to us, your successors. I know we'll have to step some to match their strides this year.

We were privileged to hear several talks by well-informed men during our Reunion in Cedar Rapids. Congressman Neal Smith of Iowa, and our own beloved Father Glavin, to name two of them. These men all emphasized the importance of Americans to awaken from their complacency and actively take a stand on civil issues; to inform themselves of the serious position we find ourselves in due to the deviation in recent years from the intent and purpose of the Constitution of the United States.

Our five Vice Commanders this year will act as co-ordinators for their particular area. With any problem or question regarding the National Organization a Local Commander can first contact the Vice Commander of his area. If the Vice Commander is unable to answer the

question or problem, then it can be referred to the National Commander, or Adjutant-Finance Officer. We hope this procedure will not only relieve the Adjutant-Finance Officer of a great deal of detail and correspondence, but also acquaint the Vice Commander with the problems of the members.

The Vice Commanders and territorial distribution are as follows:

Sr. Vice Commander, Albert C. Taylor, Jr., 2 Plymouth St., Franklinsville, New York; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Rochester, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; New York City; Cloversville, N.Y.; and Philadelphia, Pa.

Jr. Vice Commander—North, Raymond D. Alderson, 1503 Delhi, Dubuque, Iowa; Milwaukee, Wisc.; Chicago, Ill.; and Iowa.

Jr. Vice Commander—South, Paul Burge, 3329 Avenue H., Ft. Worth, Texas; Houston, Texas; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Kan.

Jr. Vice Commander—East, George L. Marquardt, 123 S. 7th St., Chesterton, Ind.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Toledo, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Youngstown, Ohio; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Detroit, Mich.

Jr. Vice Commander—West, Raymond W. Kirkpatrick, 293 Pope St., San Francisco, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.; Seattle, Wash.

Now as we begin a new year, I am fortunate to have with me a grand group of officers, each one devoted—as I am—to the continued growth of this organization. With their help, and the benefit of the council of our Past National Commanders, this new year promises to be most significant.

The Fall Executive Board Meeting has been set for November 12, to be held in our National Headquarters in the Milwaukee War Memorial Center. Those who plan to attend should arrive November 11 so that we may take part in the Veteran's Day Ceremonies planned for Milwaukee.

Salaams,

MANLY V. KEITH  
National Commander  
4143 Wynona St.,  
Houston, Texas

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP





LANDMARK for Hump flyers—"Hse Shan" or West Mountain from Kunyang Lake near Kunming, China. Photo by Jim Wilkinson.

#### Best CBI Reunion?

● The Reunions are getting better and better each year, and the Iowa convention at Cedar Rapids was one of the very best. Good Reunions do not just happen, it takes hard work to make them good. I know, for I have helped to stage other conventions. The Iowa Basha—and notably Ray Alderson—deserves much credit for the excellent Reunion. The Amana portion was also great.

GEORGE J. HOERK,  
Chicago, Ill.

#### Corporal Barry

● I am bringing the following story to your attention inasmuch as I feel it warrants consideration and I think it might be of interest to some of the ex-CBI veterans. In my travels in the American Legion I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Joseph Barry of Hillsdale Road, Arlington, Mass. Mr. Barry has written a song, words and music, titled "The High Comman-

der of Us All." He first started to write this song in 1939 and it is very appropriately used at a ritual or as a benediction for a veteran's wake or at a funeral. It is also very unique when it is sung during the time when a moment of silence is being observed. You may ask what connection this has with the CBI. Mr. Barry and I became acquainted when

he noticed my CBI patch on my American Legion uniform. He informed me that he had a son, Corporal Joseph J. Barry Jr., who served in the CBI Theater during WW II. He was a cryptographer attached to Gen. Stilwell's staff and was either in the 12th or 311th Bomb Group which was a B-25 outfit. His base was near the Bramaputra river and he was shot down near Walabum, Burma, on Feb. 12, 1944, and was never found. Young Corporal Barry had enlisted in September of 1942 and was a graduate of the New England Aircraft School of Boston, and out of a class of 200 was among 50 selected to go to West Point and to Oklahoma A & M College as an Air Force instructor. Although he had an intense desire to fly, he was unable to acquire that status because he was color blind and the last mission that he went on was his tenth one as a volunteer. I feel that there might be some ex CBI veteran who might remember this Young Corporal Barry and who was never found, and there may be someone who might wish to correspond with his father, who I know, would be most welcome to do so.

PETER E. PAPPAS,  
Boston, Mass.



BONES LITTER A FIELD near Dacca during the famine. There was not enough firewood for the burning ghats, and this is what the jackals and vultures left. Photo by William S. Johnson.



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